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OXBERRY'S

NEW

English Drama.

THE CITIZEN,

A FARCE ;

BY

Arthur Murphy.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET:
A. T. GOODRICH & CO. NEW-YORK.

1823..

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Oxberry's Edition.

THE CITIZEN,

A FARCE ;

57
1835

By Arthur Murphy.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY
MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET :
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Remarks.

THE CITIZEN.

WE have already more than once had occasion to speak of Murphy, and we meet him again with pleasure. It is true that he is not original, but how few authors are so ; there have been many more happy plagiarists for they have escaped detection, but none more dextrous, for they have not kneaded a better bread of the corn so borrowed from their neighbour's granary. The present is a very perilous age for authors of every class ; a thousand critics lie in watch at every corner to detect and expose plagiarism ; the triumph is so sweet and so easy ; to write a play or a poem a man must have taste, or fancy, or feeling, or talent of some kind ; but the detector of plagiarisms has no need of any such gifts ; he has only to wade diligently through the dust of a library, exploring forgotten folios and neglected quartos, and he can bring to the attack an artillery too tremendous for a modern author.

Murphy's school of farce is distinguished from its dramatic brethren by superior elegance of language and simplicity of plot, or if it does resemble the manner of any

other author, it is most like to that of Moliere, from which, indeed, it seems to be a legitimate descendant; yet still there is a striking difference between the two schools, though there may be something of a family likeness; Moliere in his gaiety is more courtlike and formal; he has infinitely more wit than Murphy, but then he has much less humour, so that in the balance of accounts the scale remains with little or no bias on one side or the other.

Still more does Murphy differ in his farces from those of the present day; he does not borrow his interest from a complication of incidents, as is the usual case with the French minor writers; nor does he try to excite his auditors to laughter by the loud grinning jests of the English school; his characters have the seeds of the ridiculous in their very nature, and the fruit they bear is the natural product of the situation in which they are placed; they are the fair honest growth of the climate, not the forced growth of the hot-house.

These remarks are applicable to all Murphy's writings, without exception, but more particularly so to the *Citizen*; this elegant, and we may almost call it perfect, little drama approaches so closely upon real comedy, that it can hardly be said to differ from it in any circumstance but the number of its acts. The characters of the father and son, old and young Philpot, are set forth with a masterly hand. So fresh, indeed, are the colours, so true to life in their general rather than individual form, that they might very well pass for portraits of the present day. Their meeting and discovery in the house of the courtesan is as admirable for its language as for its incidents; and, without injustice to the one author or partiality to the other, may be honestly put in competition with the more celebrated screen scene in the *School for Scandal*. It is not only excellent as be-

ing in its individual parts a just portrait of nature, but as a perfect specimen of the dramatic art in its combinations. Both these characters, as well as that of the gay volatile Maria, have been of infinite use to many a modern farce-writer ; the copies of them have been numerous, and of all kinds, bad, good, and indifferent, till one might be almost tempted to believe the art of multiplying originals was not confined to engravers only. These copies most frequently err on the side of exaggeration ; and to hide these thefts more effectually they have retouched some of the features till they have painted up the good-looking modest original into a Saracen's head, and that which was a picture for a drawing-room becomes fit for nothing else than to swing as a sign on the post of a country inn. But this is a malady most incident to the present day, which is too fond of dealing with the deformities of social life, while Murphy only played with its failings ; a hump back or a wen are much better jokes with us than the follies of mind or education. A modern audience must be made to laugh, at whatever expense of truth or reason, or the author will be charged with dulness, an imputation of all others the most fatal to his pretensions. Folly is the prevailing fashion of the day, and an author, who rejects it, stands as little chance of being a favourite with the public, as a candidate would for Almacks, who should claim admission in the language of grammar and common sense.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is nearly two hours.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - - is meant - - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - - Left Hand Door.

Epilogue.

By OLD PHILPOT and GEORGE PHILPOT.

Old Phil. Oh! George, George, George! 'tis such }
 young rakes as you, }

That bring vile jokes, and foul dishonour too,
Upon our city youth.

G. Phil. ——— 'Tis very true.

Old Phil. St. James' end o'th' town—

G. Phil. ——— No place for me.

Old Phil. No truly—no—their manners disagree
With ours entirely—yet you there must run,
To ape their follies—

G. Phil. ——— And so am undone.

Old Phil. There you all learn a vanity in vice,
You turn mere fops—you game

G. Phil. ——— Oh damn the dice.

Old Phil. Bubbled at play—

G. Phil. ——— Yes, sir—

Old Phil. ——— By every common cheat.

G. Phil. Ay! here's two witnesses—

(Pulls out his Pockets.)

Old Phil. ——— You get well beat.

G. Phil. A witness too of that,—(Shews his head.)—and
 there's another. (To Young Wilding.)

Old Phil. You dare to give affronts—

G. Phil. ——— Zounds such a pother!—

Old Phil. Affronts to gentlemen!

G. Phil. ——— 'Twas a rash action—

Old Phil. Dam'me, you lie! I'll give you satisfaction.

(Mimicking.)

Drawn in by strumpets, and detected too!

G. Phil. That's a sad thing, sir ! I'll be judg'd by you—

Old Phil. The dog he has me there—

G. Phil. ————Think you it right—

Under a table—

Old Phil. ————Miserable plight !

G. Phil. For grave threescore to skulk with trembling
knees,

And envy each young lover that he sees !

Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam ?

Old Phil. Wou'd I had stay'd to cast accounts at home.

G. Phil. Ay ! there's another vice—

Old Phil. ————Sirrah give o'er.

G. Phil. You brood for ever o'er your much lov'd store, }
And scraping *cent. per cent.* still pine for more.

At Jonathan's, where millions are undone,

Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your son.

Old Phil. Rascal enough !

G. Phil. ————I could add, but am loth—

Old Phil. Enough !—this jury—(*To the Audience.*)—
will convict us both.

G. Phil. Then to the court we'd better make submission.
Ladies and gentlemen, with true contrition,

I here repent my faults—ye courtly train,

Farewell !—farewell, ye giddy and ye vain !

I now take up—forsake the gay and witty,

To live henceforth a credit to the city.

Old Phil. You see me here quite cover'd o'er with shame,
I hate long speeches—But I'll do the same.

Come, George—To mend is all the best can boast.

G. Phil. Then let us in

Old Phil. ————And this shall be our toast,

May Britain's thunder on her foes be hurl'd,

G. Phil. And London prove the market of the world !

Costume.

OLD PHILPOT.

Snuff brown old fashioned suit.

YOUNG PHILPOT.

First dress.—Extreme of fashion.—Second dress.—Green dress coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

SIR JASPER WILDING.

Scarlet coat, striped waistcoat, and white cord breeches.

YOUNG WILDING.

Blue coat, buff waistcoat and breeches.

BEAUFORT.

Ibid.

DAPPER.

Drab coloured cloth suit.

QUILLDRIVE.

Green coat, red waistcoat, and buff breeches.

SERVANTS.

White and orange liveries.

MARIA.

Mu-lin frock, trimmed with satin ribbon and lace.

CORINNA.

Pink satin body, and leno petticoat, trimmed with lace and flowers.

Persons Represented.

As it was Originally Acted, 1770.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Old Philpot</i> - - - - -	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Young Philpot</i> - - - - -	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Sir Jasper Wilding</i> - - - - -	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Young Wilding</i> - - - - -	Mr. Lee.	Mr. Dyer.
<i>Beaufort</i> - - - - -	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Baker.
<i>Dapper</i> - - - - -	Mr. Vaughan.	Mr. Costello.
<i>Quil'drive</i> - - - - -	Mr. Ackman.	Mr. Perry.
 <i>Maria</i> - - - - -	 Miss Elliot.	 Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Corinna</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Hippisley.	Miss Cockayne.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Old Philpot</i> - - - - -	Mr. Suett.	Mr. Farren.
<i>Young Philpot</i> - - - - -	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Sir Jasper Wilding</i> - - - - -	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Young Wilding</i> - - - - -	Mr. Decamp.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Beaufort</i> - - - - -	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Clarmont.
<i>Dapper</i> - - - - -		
<i>Quilldrive</i> - - - - -		Mr. Atkins.
 <i>Maria</i> - - - - -	 Mrs. Davison.	 Miss O'Neill.
<i>Corinna</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Scott.	Miss Shaw.

THE CITIZEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter YOUNG WILDING and BEAUFORT, L.H. WILL following, who crosses behind to R.H.

Wild Ha! ha! my dear Beaufort! A fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a sighing love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turned ankle, and a short petticoat!

Beau. Prithee, Wilding, don't laugh at me—Maria's charms—

Wild. Maria's charms! And so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your raptures about my own sister! Ha! ha! poor Beaufort!—Is my sister at home, Will?

Will She is, sir

Wild. How long has my father been gone out?

Will. This hour, sir.

Wild. Very well. Pray give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait upon her.—[*Exit Will* R.H.]—You will be glad to see her I suppose, Charles.

Beau. I live but in her presence.

Wild. Live but in her presence! How the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

Beau. Nay, you have no reason to complain; you are come up to town, post-haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

Wild. That's more than I do for her; and to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me.—This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and sale!—My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finished the business at Lloyd's Coffee-house by inch of candle—a mere transferring of property!—"Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the whole affair, and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

Beau. Thou art the happiest fellow—

Wild. Happy! so I am.—What should I be otherwise for? If Miss Sally—upon my soul I forget her name.

Beau. Well! that is so like you—Miss Sally Philpot.

Wild. Ay, very true!—Miss Sally Philpot—she will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family-estate, and my father is to settle handsomely upon me—and so I have reason to be contented, have not I?

Beau. Pho! this is all idle talk! and in the mean time I am ruined.

Wild. How so ?

Beau. Why you know the old couple have bargained your sister away.

Wild. Bargained her away ! And will you pretend you are in love ?—Can you look tamely on, and see her bartered away at Garraway's like logwood, cochineal, or indigo ?—Marry her privately, man, and keep it a secret till my affair is over.

Beau. My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her ?

Wild. With all my heart.—She is very long a-coming ;—I'll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once ;—but perhaps she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally's brother—

Beau. On, no, he's her aversion.

Wild. I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be.—What sort of a fellow is the son ?

Beau. Oh ! a diamond of the first water ! a buck, sir, a blood ! every night at this end of the town ; at twelve next day he sneaks about the 'Change, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

Wild. Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

Beau. Spirit !—he drives four in hand, keeps his girl at the West End of the town, and is the gay George Philpot at the Clubs.

Wild. Oh brave !—and the father ?—

Beau. The father, sir—But here comes Maria ; take his picture from her.

(*She sings within, R.H.*)

Wild. Hey! she is musical this morning; she holds her usual spirits, I find.

Beau. Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head—

Wild. Ay! and such a lover as you too! though still in her teens, she can play upon all your foibles. and treat you as she does her monkey, tickle you, torment you, enrage you, soothe you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you—
Ecce signum!

Enter MARIA, R.H. Singing.

Wild. The same giddy girl!—Sister; come, my dear—

Mar. Have done, brother; let me have my own way—I will go through my song.

Wild. I have not seen you this age; ask me how I do.

Mar. I won't ask you how you do—I won't take any notice of you, I don't know you.

Wild. Do you know this gentleman, then? Will you speak to him?

Mar. No, I won't speak to him; I'll sing to him—it's my humour to sing. *(Sings.)*

Beau. Be serious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

Mar. Oh! sweet sir, you are dying, are you? Then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself—mind it, Mr. Beaufort—mind it.—Brother how do you do?—*(Kisses him.)*—Say nothing, don't interrupt me. *(Sings.)*

Wild. Have you seen your city lover yet?

Mar. No ; but I long to see him.

Beau. Long to see him, Maria !

Mar. Yes, long to see him—(*Beaufort looks thoughtful.*)—Brother, brother !—(*Goes to him softly, and beckons him to look at Beaufort.*)—do you see that ?—(*Minicks him.*)—mind him ; ha, ha !

Beau. Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria ; so you don't make me unhappy, by marrying this citizen.

Mar. And would not you have me marry, sir ? What, I must lead a single life to please you, must I ? Upon my word you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. (*Sings.*)

*Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid.*

Wild. Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little. This will never do.

Mar. My cross, ill-natured brother ! but it will do—Lord ! what do you both call me hither to plague me ? I wont stay among ye--à l'honneur, à l'honneur, (*Running away.*) à l'honneur—

Wild. Hey, hey, Miss Notable ! come back, pray madam, come back. (*Forces her back.*)

Mar. Lord ! what do you want ?

Wild. Come, come, truce with your frolics, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl ; we have serious business with you.

Mar. Have you ! Well, come, I will be sensible—there, I blow all my folly away—"Tis gone, 'tis gone, and now I'll talk sense : come—is that a sensible face ?

Wild. Pho, pho, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

Mar. I will, I am quiet. It is charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

Wild. Pho, ridiculous! how can you be so silly?

Mar. Bless me! I never saw any thing like you. There is no such thing as satisfying you. I am sure it was very good sense what I said. Papa talks in that manner. Well, well! I'll be silent then. I won't speak at all; will that satisfy you? *(Looks sullen.)*

Wild. Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you.—You have not seen your city lover, you say? *(Maria shrugs her shoulders, and shakes her head.)*

Wild. Why don't you answer?

Beau. My dear Maria, put me out of pain. *(Maria shrugs her shoulders again.)*

Wild. Pho! don't be so childish, but give a rational answer—

Mar. Why, no, then; no—no, no, no, no, no. —I tell you no, no, no.

Wild. Come, come, my little giddy sister, you must not be so flighty; behave sedately, and don't be a girl always.

Mar. Why, don't I tell you I have not seen him. But I am to see him this very day.

Beau. To see him this day, Maria?

Mar. Ha, ha!—look there, brother; he is beginning again. But don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it. My papa comes to me this morning—by the by, he makes a fright of him-

self with his strange dress. Why does not he dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

Wild He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

Mar. But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here. I am almost ashamed of him. But he comes to me this morning—"Hoic! hoic! our Moll. Where is the sly puss? I ally ho!" Did you want me, papa?—Come hither. Moll I'll gee thee a husband, my girl; one that has mettle enow—he'll take cover, I warrant un—blood to the Bone.

Beau. There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

Wild. Where are you to see the young citizen?

Mar. Why, papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me. The old gentleman, his father, is delighted with me, but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

Wild Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

Mar. Why he looks like the picture of Avarice sitting with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away. He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles, a brown coat with small round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all shrivelled and pinch'd with care, and he shakes his head like a mandarine upon a chimney-piece.

Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you are right, and then he grins at me ; I profess she is a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my son George is a very sensible lad—ay, ay ! and I will underwrite their happiness for one and a half *per cent*.

Wild. Thank you, my dear girl ; thank you for this account of my relations.

Beau. Destruction to my hopes ! Surely, my dear little angel, if you have any regard for me—

Mar. There, there, there, he is frightened again. (*Sings, Dearest creature, &c.*)

Wild. Pshaw ! give over these airs—listen to me, and I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

Mar. Oh ! my dear brother, you are very good—but don't mistake yourself ; though just come from a boarding school, give me leave to manage for myself—There is in this case a man I like, and a man I don't like—it is not you I like (*To Beauport.*)—no—no—I hate you.—But let this little head alone ; I know what to do—I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

Beau. What will you do, Maria ?

Mar. Ha, ha, I can't help laughing at you.

(*Sings.*)

*Do not grieve me,
Oh ! relieve me, &c.*

Wild. Come, come, be serious, Miss Pert, and I'll instruct you what to do. The old cit, you say, admires you for your understanding, and his

son would not marry you unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit?

Mar. Even so—this is the character of your giddy sister.

Wild. Why then, I'll tell you—you shall make him hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from him.

Mar. But how—how my dear brother? Tell me how?

Wild. Why, you have seen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

Mar. Very well—what then? what then?—Oh—I have it—I understand you—say no more—'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will so plague him, that he shan't know what to make of me—He shall be a very toad-eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it—it's all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature, and then who knows but I may like him?

Beau. My dear Maria, don't talk of liking him—

Mar. Oh! now you are beginning again.

[*Sings, Voi Amanti, &c. and exit, R.H.*]

Beau. 'Sdeath, Wilding I shall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

Wild. Pshaw, follow me; don't be apprehensive—I'll give her farther instructions, and she will execute them, I warrant you; the old fellow's daughter shall be mine, and the son may go shift for himself elsewhere. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Old Philpot's House.*

Enter QUILLDRIVE, L.H. crossing to R.H. GEORGE PHILPOT, peeping in, L.H.

G. Phil. Hist, hist!—Quilldrive!

Quill. Ha, Master George!—

G. Phil. Is square-toes at home?

Quill. He is.

G. Phil. Has he asked for me?

Quill. He has.

G. Phil. (*Walks in on tip-toe*) Does he know I did not sleep at home?

Quill. No; I sunk that upon him.

G. Phil. Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday. Damnation!—up all night—stripped of nine hundred pounds—pretty well for one night!—Picqued, repicqued, flamm'd, and capotted every deal!—Old Dry-beard shall pay all—Is forty-seven good? no—fifty good? no?—no, no, no—to the end of the chapter—Cruel luck!—Damn me, it's life tho'—this is life—'sdeath! I hear him coming. (*Runs off and peeps.*)—no, all's safe—I must not be caught in these cloaths, Quilldrive.

Quill. How came it you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

G. Phil. I was afraid of being too late for old Square-toes, and so I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bumbailey,—Pretty cloaths, an't they!

Quill. Ah! sir—

G. Phil. Reach me one of my mechanic city frocks—no—stay—it's in the next room, an't it—

Quill. Yes, sir—

G. Phil. I'll run and slip it on in a twinkle.

[*Exit, D.F.*

Quill. Mercy on us! what a life does he lead? Old Coger within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young master comes to possession, "Ill got ill gone," I warrant me: a hard card I have to play between 'em both—drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one. The father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly!

Re-enter GEORGE PHILPOT, from D.F.

G. Phil. Now I'm equipped for the city. Damn the city! I wish the Papishes would set fire to it again. I hate to be beating the hoof here among them—Here comes father—no;—its Dapper—Quilldrive, I'll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, sir. [Exit, L.H.

G. Phil. Who now in my situation would envy any of your great folks at the Court End! A Lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate. He can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other people's money—no—no—I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than a commissioner of the customs—commissioner!—The King has not so good a thing in his gift,

as a commission of bankruptcy. Don't we see them all with their country seats at Hoxton, and at Kentish-town, and at Newington-butts, and at Islington; with their little flying Mercurys' tipt upon the top of the house, their Apollos, their Venus's, and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door with pipes in their mouth's, waiting for a good digestion—(*Old Phil. speaks, without, R.H.*)—Zoons! here comes old dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter OLD PHILPOT, R.H.

Old Phil. Twelve times twelve is 144.

(*Aside.*)

G. Phil. I'll attack him in his own way—Commission at two and a half per cent. (*Aside*)

Old Phil. There he is, intent upon business! (*Aside.*) What, plodding, George?

G. Phil. Thinking a little of the main chance, sir.

Old Phil. That's right; it is a wide world, George.

G. Phil. Yes, sir, but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! I instill'd good principles into thee.

G. Phil. So you did, sir. Principal and interest is all I ever heard from him. (*Aside.*)—I

shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, sir.

Old Phil. What was that, George?—It is quite out of my head—

G. Phil. It intimated, sir, how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him; and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, (*Laughs.*) I recollect it now.

G. Phil. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise moved than to raise his price, and make her turn better to account.

Old Phil. (*Bursts into a laugh.*) I remember it—ha,—ha! there was the very spirit of trade! ay—ay—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. That was calculation for you.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. The Rule of three—If one gives me so much; what will two give me?

Old Phil. Ay, ay. (*Laughs.*)

G. Phil. Rome was not built in a day—Fortunes are made by degrees—Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to loose.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy.

G. Phil. The old Curmudgeon. (*Aside.*)

Old Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world—

Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

Old Phil. I profess it is a wise saying--I never heard it before ; it is a wise saying ; and shews how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Phil. Very true.

Old Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money.

Old Phil. Ay, ay—

G. Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at school ; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

Old Phil. Ay, ay—Let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G. Phil. So I told him—I went to him to his garret, in the Minories ; and there I found him in all his misery and a fine scene it was—There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing tub, up to the elbows in suds ; a solitary pork-steak was dangling by a bit of pack-thread, before a melancholy fire ; himself seated at a three-legg'd table, writing a pamphlet against the German war ; a child upon his left knee, his right leg employed in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it—And so there was business enough for them all—His wife rubbing away, (*Minicks a washer woman.*) and he writing on, “ the king of Prussia shall have no

“more subsidies; Saxony shall be indemnified
“—he shan’t have a foot in Silesia.” There is
a sweet little baby! (*To the child on his knee.*)
then he rock’d the cradle, hush ho! hush ho!
—then twisted the griskin, (*Snaps his fingers.*)
hush ho! “The Russians shall have Prussia,”
(*Writes.*) The wife (*Washes and sings.*) he—
“There’s a dear.” Round goes the griskin
again, (*Snaps his fingers*) “and Canada must be
restor’d.” (*Writes.*)—And so you have a picture
of the whole family.

Old Phil. Ha, ha! What becomes of his
Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no
parsnips—He had no money from you, I sup-
pose, George?

G. Phil. Oh! no; charity begins at home,
says I.

Old Phil. And it was wisely said—I have an
excellent saying when any man wants to bor-
row of me—I am ready with my joke—“a fool
and his money are soon parted”—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ha, ha—An old skin-flint. (*Aside.*)

Old Phil. Ay, ay—a fool and his money are
soon parted—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now if I can wring a handsome sum
out of him, it will prove the truth of what he
says. (*Aside.*) And yet trade has its inconve-
niences:—Great houses stopping payment!

Old Phil. Hey—what! you look chagrined!
—Nothing of that sort has happened to thee, I
hope?

G. Phil. A great house at Cadiz—Don John de Alvarada—! he Spanish Galleons not making quick returns—and so my bills are come back.

Old Phil. Ay!—(*Shakes his head.*)

G. Phil. I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thirty *per cent.* profit—But this blow coming upon me—

Old Phil. Why this is unlucky—how much money?

G. Phil. Three and twenty hundred.

Old Phil. George, too many eggs in one basket; I'll tell thee, George, I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: then hush this up, and say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G. Phil. The old rogue. (*Aside.*) That will never do, I shall be blown upon Change—Alvarada will pay in time—He has opened his affairs—He appears a good man.

Old Phil. Does he?

G. Phil. A great fortune left; will pay in time, but I must crack before that.

Old Phil. It is unlucky! A good man, you say he is?

G. Phil. No body better.

Old Phil. Let me see—Suppose I lend this money?

G. Phil. Ah, sir.

Old Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G. Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

Old Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

G. Phil. Exactly.

Old Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man, you say?

G. Phil. Yes, sir.

Old Phil. I will venture to lend the money.—You must allow me commission upon those bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

G. Phil. Agreed.

Old Phil. Lawful interest, while I am out of my money.

G. Phil. I subscribe.

Old Phil. A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

G. Phil. You shall have it.

Old Phil. Your own bond?

G. Phil. To be sure.

Old Phil. Go and get me a check. You shall have a draught on the bank.

G. Phil. Yes, sir. (Going, L.H.)

Old Phil. But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this—Stocks are under *par*—you must pay the difference.

G. Phil. Was ever such a leech. (*Aside.*) By all means, sir.

Old Phil. Step and get me a check.

G. Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted. (*Aside.*) [*Exit, L.H.*]

Old Phil. What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to. Let me see---what is the lady's name. (*Takes a letter out.*) Corinna! ay, ay, by the description she is a bale of goods.

Enter QUILLDRIVE, L.H.

Quill. Sir Jasper Wilding, sir, and his daughter

Old Phil. I am at home.

Enter SIR JASPER, L.H. singing and MARIA.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, your very humble servant.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I am indeed.

Old Phil. The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper. Miss Maria. I kiss your fair hand.

Mar. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Jasp. Ay ay, I ha' brought on to zee you---my girl---I ben't asham'd of my girl.

Mar. That's more than I can say of my father. (*Aside.*)

Old Phil. Truly she is a blooming young lady, Sir Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

Sir Jasp. I ha' brought her to zee ye, and zo your zon may ha' her as soon as he will.

Old Phil. Why, she looks three and a half per cent. better than when I saw her last.

Mar. Then there is hopes that in a little time, I shall be above *par*—he rates me like a lottery-ticket. (*Aside.*)

Old Phil. Ay, ay, I doubt not, Sir Jasper: Miss has the appearance of a very sensible, discreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that she would not do for my son.—George is a shrewd lad, and I have often heard him declare, no consideration should ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

Mar. Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman,—I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't soon give master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. (*Aside.*)

Enter GEORGE PHILPOT, R.H.

G. Phil. A good clever old cuff this—after my own heart—I think I'll have his daughter, if it's only for the pleasure of hunting with him.

(*Aside.*)

Sir Jasp. Zon-in-law, gee us your hand—What say you? Are you ready for my girl?

G. Phil. Say grace as soon as you will, sir, I'll fall too.

Sir Jasp. Well zaid—I like you—I like un master Philpot—I like un—I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

Old Phil. And so he shall—George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be in cash. (*Aside to G. Phil.*)

G. Phil. I think I had rather not speak to her now—I hate speaking to these modest women—Sir,—Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind, by advertising for her in a newspaper? (*Aside to Old Phil.*)

G. Phil. Talk sense to her, George, she is a notable girl—and I'll give the draft upon the bank presently. (*Aside to G. Phil.*)

Sir Jasp. Come along, master Philpot—come along; I ben't afraid of my girl—come along.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasp. and Old Phil. R.H.*]

Mar. A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me. (*Aside.*)

G. Phil. How shall I speak my mind to her? She is almost a stranger to me. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. (*Aside.*)

G. Phil. Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Ah, you fright? You rival Mr. Beaufort! I'll give him an aversion to me, that's what I will; and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match: not a word yet,—he is in a fine confusion (*Aside—Looks foolish.*) I think I may as well sit down, sir.

G. Phil. Ma'am—l--l--l--(*Frighted.*)--l'll hand you a chair, ma'am—there ma'am.

(*Bows awkwardly.*)

Mar. Sir, I thank you.

G. Phil. I'll sit down too. (*In confusion.*)

Mar. Heigho!

G. Phil. Ma'am!

Mar. Sir!

G. Phil. I thought—I—I—I—did not you say something ma'am?

Mar. No, sir; nothing.

G. Phil. I beg your pardon, ma'am.

Mar. Oh! you are a sweet creature. (*Aside.*)

G. Phil. The ice is broke now; I have begun, and so I'll go on.

(*Sits silent, foolish, and steals a look at her.*)

Mar. An agreeable interview this!

G. Phil. Pray, ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Mar. Concerts! what's that, sir?

G. Phil. A music meeting.

Mar. I have been at a Quaker's meeting; but never at a music meeting.

G. Phil. Lord ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts—She notable! I'll take courage, she is nobody. (*Aside.*) Will you give me leave to present you a ticket for Willis's?

Mar. (*Looking simply and awkward.*)—A ticket—what's a ticket.

G. Phil. There, ma'am, at your service.

Mar. (*Curtseys awkwardly.*) I long to see what a ticket is.

G. Phil. What a curtesy there is for the St. James's end of the town! I hate her; she seems to be an idiot. (*Aside.*)

Mar. Here's a charming ticket he has given me. (*Aside.*) And is this a ticket, sir?

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am—And is this a ticket.

(*Mimicks her aside.*)

Mar. (*Reads.*) For sale by the candle, the following goods—thirty chests straw hats—fifty tubs

chip hats—pepper, sago, borax—ha—ha ! Such a ticket !

G. Phil. I—I—I—have made a mistake, ma'am—here, here is the right one.

Mar. You need not mind it, sir,—I never go to such places.

G. Phil. No, ma'am—I don't know what to make of her—Was you ever at the White-Conduit-house ?

Mar. There's a question. (*Aside.*) Is that a nobleman's seat ?

G. Phil. (*Laughs.*) Simpleton !—No miss—is it not a nobleman's seat—Lord ! it's at Islington.

Mar. Lord Islington !—I don't know my Lord Islington.

G. Phil. The town of Islington.

Mar. I have not the honour of knowing his Lordship.

G. Phil. Islington is a town, ma'am.

Mar. Oh ! it's a town.

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. I am glad of it.

G. Phil. What is she glad of ? What shall I say to her next ? Have you been at the burletta, ma'am ? (*Aside.*)

Mar. Where ?

G. Phil. The burletta.

Mar. Sir, I would have you to know that I am no such person—I go to burlettas ! I am not what you take me for.

G. Phil. Ma'am—

Mar. I'm come of good people, sir ; and have been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.

G. Phil. What a damn'd fool she is. (*Aside.*)—The burletta is an opera, ma'am.

Mar. Opera, sir! I don't know what you mean by this usage—to affront me in this manner!

G. Phil. Affront! I mean quite the reverse, ma'am; I took you for a connoisseur.

Mar. Who! me a connoisseur, sir! I desire you wont call me such names; I am sure I never so much as thought of such a thing. Sir, I wont be call'd a connoisseur—I wont—I wont—I wont.

(*Bursts out a crying.*)

G. Phil. Ma'am, I mean't no offence—A connoisseur is a virtuoso.

Mar. Don't virtuoso me! I am no virtuoso, sir, I would have you to know it—I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso.

(*Cries bitterly.*)

G. Phil. But, ma'am, you mistake me quite.

Mar. (*In a passion, choaking her tears and sobbing.*) Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England—My family was always remarkable for virtue—My mamma (*Sobbing.*) was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget (*Sobbing.*) was a virtuous woman too—And there's my sister Sophy makes as good and as virtuous a wife as any at all—And so, sir, don't call me a virtuoso—I wont be brought here to be treated in this manner, I wont—I wont—I wont.—

(*Cries bitterly.*)

G. Phil. The girl's a natural—So much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up (*Aside.*)—Ma'am, upon my word you misunderstand me.

Mar. Sir, (*Drying her tears.*) I wont be called

connoisseur by you nor any body—And I am no virtuoso—I'd have you to know that.

G. Phil. Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

Mar. Taste! (Sobbing.)

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

G. Phil. Undoubtedly.

Mar. Sir, your most obedient humble servant. Oh! that's another thing—I have a taste to be sure.

G. Phil. I know you have, ma'am.—O you're a cursed ninny. (Aside.)

Mar. Yes, I know I have—I can read tolerably; and I begin to write a little.

G. Phil. Upon my word, you have made a great progress!—What could old Square do mean by passing her upon me for a sensible girl? And what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her—I'll talk to her openly at once—Come, sit down, miss. (Aside.)—Pray ma'am, are you inclined to matrimony?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Are you in love?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. These naturals are always amorous. (Aside.) How should you like me?

Mar. Of all things—

G. Phil. A girl without ceremony. (Aside.) Do you love me?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. But you don't love any body else?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Frank and free. (*Aside.*) But not so well as me?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Better may be?

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The devil you do! (*Aside.*) And, perhaps, if I should marry you, I should have a chance to be made a—

Mar. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The case is clear. Miss Maria, your very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Mar. Sir!

G. Phil. I have done, ma'am, that's all, and I take my leave.

Mar. But you'll marry me?

G. Phil. No, ma'am, no;—no such thing.—You may provide yourself a husband elsewhere, I am your humble servant.

Mar. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot?—But you must—my papa said you must.—And I will have you.

G. Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense (*Aside.*) Make yourself easy, for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Mar. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot? (*Bursts out in tears.*) but I say you shall, and I will have a husband, or I'll know the reason why—You shall—You shall—

G. Phil. A pretty sort of a wife they intend for me here.

Mar. I wonder you a'n't ashamed of yourself

to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa—I will—I will—I will.

(*Crying bitterly.*)

G. Phil. And so you may—I have no more to say to you—and so your servant, miss—your servant.

Mar. Ay! and by goles! my brother Bob shall fight you.

G. Phil. What care I for your brother Bob?

(*Going.*)

Mar. How can you be so cruel, Mr. Philpot? how can you—oh—(*Cries and struggles with him.*) [*Exit G. Phil. R.H.*] Ha! ha! I have carried my brother's scheme into execution charmingly; ha! ha! He will break off the match now of his own accord—Ha! ha! This is charming; this is fine; this is like a girl of spirit. [*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Corinna's House.*

Enter CORINNA, R.H. TOM following her.

Cor. An elderly gentleman, did you say?

Tom. Yes; that says he has got a letter for you, ma'am.

Cor. Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs.
[Exit, L.H.]

Enter OLD PHILPOT, L.H.

Cor. Servant, sir.

Old Phil. Fair lady, your very humble servant. Truly a blooming young girl! Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I presume, you know.

Cor. Yes, sir, I know Bob Poacher.—He is a very good friend of mine. (*Reads to herself.*) He speaks so handsomely of you, sir, and says you are so much of the gentleman, that, to be sure, sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, sir.

Old Phil. Really you are very agreeable. You see I am punctual to my hour.

(*Looks at his watch.*)

Cor. That is a mighty pretty watch, sir.

Old Phil. Yes, madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time. This is a mighty pretty lodging. I have twenty guineas here in a purse, here they are; (*Turns them out upon the table.*) as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers play'd with.

Cor. I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

Old Phil. There are some light guineas among them—I always put off my light guineas in this way (*Aside*)—You are exceedingly welcome, madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it—Oh! I could eat it up Fair lady, your lips look so cherry—I hey actually invite

the touch; (*Kisses.*) really it makes the difference of *cent. per cent.* in one's constitution—Oh you little delicate, charming— (*Kisses her.*)

G. Phil. (*Within, L.H.*) Gee-houp!—Awhi!—Awhi! Gallows! Awhi!

Old. Phil. Hey—What is all that?—Somebody coming!

Cor. Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my servants will or no.

Old. Phil. What shall I do?—I would not be seen for the world—Can't you hide me in that room?

Cor. Dear heart! no, sir—These wild young fellows take such liberties—He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected.—Get under the table—He shan't remain long whoever he is—Here—Here, sir, get under here.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; that will do—Don't let him stay long—Give me another buss—Wounds! I could—

Cor. Hush!—Make haste.

Old Phil. Ay; ay; I will, fair lady— (*Creeps under the table and peeps out.*) Don't let him stay long.

Cor. Hush! silence! you will ruin all else.

Enter G. PHILPOT, L.H.

G. Phil. Sharper to your work—Awhi! awhi! So my girl—how dost do?

Cor. Very well, thank you—I did not expect to see you so soon—I thought you was to be at the club?

G. Phil. No; the run was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G. Phil. Yes, yes--Suskins in plenty.

Old Phil. (*Aside—peeping.*) Ah the ungracious! These are your haunts, are they?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in cash--I have taken in the old curmudgeon since I saw you.

Cor. As how, pray?

Old Phil. (*Aside peeping out.*) Ay, as how; let us hear, pray.

G. Phil. Why, I'll tell you. I talk'd a world of wisdom to him--tipt him a few rascally sentiments of a scoundrelly kind of prudence; and then he took a liking to me.--Ay, ay, says he, ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade.--George, thou art a son after my own heart;--A fool and his money are soon parted. (*Mimicking him.*) and so, on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till, at last, I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.--Oh! I understand trap--I talked of a great house stopping payment--The thing was true enough, but I had no dealing with them.

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) Ay, ay.

G. Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an idiot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me though.

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) Ay, you have found it out, have ye?

G. Phil. Pho! he is an old curmudgeon; and

so I will talk no more about him. Come, give me a kiss. *(They kiss.)*

Old Phil. (Aside.) The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her!

G. Phil. You shall go with me to Epsom next Sunday.

Cor. Shall I? That's charming.

G. Phil. You shall, in my chariot—I drive.

Cor. But I don't like to see you drive.

G. Phil. But I like it, I am as good a coachman as any in England. There was my lord—What d'ye call him—Drove four in hand—but, lord! he was nothing to me.

Cor. No!

G. Phil. Oh, no—I know my road work, my girl.—Throw my eyes about a few—Handle the braces—Take the off-leader by the jaw—Here you, how have you curbed this horse up?—Let him out a link, do you rascal—Whoo Eh!—Jewel—Button!—Whoo Eh!—Come here, you sir; how have you coupled Gallows? you know he'll take the bar of Sharper—Take him in two holes, do—'I here's four pretty little knots as any in England—Whoo Eh!

Cor. But can't you let your coachman drive?

G. Phil. No, no.—See me mount the box, handle the reins, my wrist turned down, square my elbows, stamp with my foot—Gee up!—Off we go—Button, do you want to have us over!—Do your work, do—Awbi! awbi!—There we bowl away; see how sharp they are.—Gallows!—Softly up hill.—*(Whistles.)*—'I here's a public-house.—Give 'em a mouthful of water, do, and

fetch me a dram--drink it off--Gee up! Awbi! Awbi!--There we go scrambling altogether--reach Epsom in an hour and forty-three minutes, all Lombard-street to an egg-shell, we do.--There's your work my girl!--eh! damn me!

Old Phil. (Aside.) Mercy on me! What a profligate young dog it is.

Enter YOUNG WILDING, L.H.

Wild. Ha! my little Corinna--Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Your Servant, sir.

Wild. Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Any commands for me, sir?

Wild. For you, sir?

G. Phil. Yes, for me, sir?

Wild. No, sir, I have no commands for you.

G. Phil. What's your business?

Wild. Business!

G. Phil. Ay, business.

Wild. Why, very good business, I think--my little Corinna--my life--my little--

G. Phil. Is that your business?--Pray, sir--not so free, sir.

Wild. Not so free!

G. Phil. No, sir; that lady belongs to me.

Wild. To you, sir!

G. Phil. Yes, to me.

Wild. To you!--Who are you?

G. Phil. As good a man as you.

Wild. Upon my word!--Who is this fellow, Corinna? Some journeyman-tailor, I suppose,

who chooses to try on the gentleman's clothes before he carries them home.

G. Phil. Tailor!—What do you mean by that?—You lie! I am no tailor.

Wild. You shall give me satisfaction for that!

G. Phil. For what?

Wild. For giving me the lie.

G. Phil. I did not.

Wild. You did, sir.

G. Phil. You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not.—But if you have a mind for a frolic—Now, sir, come on.— (*In a boxing attitude.*)

Wild. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to box? (*Draws.*)—There, take that, sirrah—and that—and that, you scoundrel.

(*Beating him.*)

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) Ay, ay; well done; lay it on. (*Peeps out.*)

Wild. (*Beating him.*) And there you rascal; and there.

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) Thank you; thank you.—Could not you find in your heart to lay him on another for me?

Cor. Pray, don't be in such a passion, sir.

Wild. My dear Corinna, don't be frightened; I shall not murder him.

Old Phil. (*Aside.*) I am safe here—lie still, Isaac, lie still—I am safe.

Wild. The fellow has put me out of breath. (*Sits down.*) (*Old Phil pot's watch strikes ten under the table.*) Whose watch is that? (*Stares round.*) Hey! what is all this? (*Looks under the table.*) Your humble servant, sir! Turn out, pray turn

cut.—You wont—Then I'll unshell you.--

[*Exit Cor. R.H.*

(*Takes away the table.*) Your very humble servant, sir.

G. Phil. Zounds! my father there all this time. (*Aside.*)

Wild. I suppose you will give me the lie too?

Old Phil. (*Still on the ground.*) No, sir, not I, truly.—But the gentleman there may divert himself again if he has a mind.

G. Phil. No, sir, not I.

Old Phil. George, you are there, I see.

G. Phil. Yes, sir; and you are there, I see.—What an imp of hell she is. (*Aside.*)

Wild. Come, get up, sir; you are too old to be beat.

Old Phil. (*Rising.*) In troth, so I am.—But there you may exercise yourself again if you please.

G. Phil. No more for me, sir, I thank you.

Wild. Ha, ha! upon my soul, I can't help laughing at his old square toes.

Old Phil. Oh! George! George!

G. Phil. Oh! father! father!

Wild. Ha, ha! what father and son! And so you have found one another out, ha, ha!--Well, you may have business, and so, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves. [*Exit, R.H.*

G. Phil. Don't be angry with me, sir.--I'll go my ways this inoment, tie myself up in this matrimonial noose, and never have any thing to do with these courses again. (*Going.*)

Old Phil. And hark you, George; tie me up

in a real noose, and turn me off as soon as you will.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Sir Jasper's House.*

BEAUFORT *discovered, dressed as a lawyer, and* SIR JASPER WILDING, *with a bottle and glass in his hand.*

Beau. No more, Sir Jasper; I can't drink any more.

Sir Jasp. Why you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, master Quagmire.—Come, man, finish this bottle.

Beau. I beg to be excused.—You had better let me read over the deeds to you.

Sir Jasp. Zounds! you shall drink t'other bumper, an you talk of ley.

Enter WILLIAM, L.H.

Will. Old Mr. Philpot, sir, and his son.

Sir Jasp. Wounds! that's right; they'll take me out of the hand of this lawyer here.

[*Exit Will.* L.H.]

Enter OLD PHILPOT and GEORGE PHILPOT, L.H.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad you are come; this man here has so plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, twenty thousand pounds you know is a great deal of money.—I should

not give you so much, if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that, if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G. Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more before I embark; for, to be plain, sir, she appears to me a mere natural.

Sir Jasp. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl a notable wench.—Zee her again, man—zee her again—here, you, sirrah, send our Moll hither.—We'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave un together—Hoic! hoic!—Our Moll—Tally over—

Enter MARIA, R.H.

Mar. Did you call me, papa?

Sir Jasp. I did, my girl.—There, the gentleman wants to speak with you.—Behave like a clever wench as you are.—Come along, my boys.—Master Quagmire, come and finish the business.

[Exit, R.H. singing, with Old Philpot and Beaufort.]

G. Phil. I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony. (*Aside.*)—Well, miss, you told me you could read and write?

Mar. Read, sir—Reading is the delight of my life.—Do you love reading, sir?

G. Phil. Prodigiously.—How pert she is grown—I have read very little, and I'm resolved for the future to read less—(*Aside.*)—What have you read, miss?

Mar. Every thing.

G. Phil. You have?

Mar. Yes, sir, I have.

G. Phil. Oh! brave.—And do you remember what you read, miss?

Mar. Not so well as I could wish.—Wits have short memories.

G. Phil. Oh! you are a wit too?

Mar. I am; and do you know that I feel myself provoked to a simile now.

G. Phil. Provoked to a simile!—Let us hear it!

Mar. What do you think we are both like!

G. Phil. Well—

Mar. Like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

G. Phil. Jenny in Dryden's fable!

Mar. *The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows ;
To meet the fanning breeze her bosom rose.*

That's me—now you.

*He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went (Mimicks.) for want of
thought.*

G. Phil. This is not the same girl.

(*Disconcerted.*)

Mar. Mark again, mark again—

*The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.*

(*He looks foolish—she laughs at him.*)

G. Phil. I must take care how I speak to her; she is not the fool I took her for. (*Aside.*)

Mar. You seem surprised, sir; but this is my way. I read, sir, and then I apply.—I have read

every thing ;—Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Lansdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson.

G. Phil. Hey ! the devil--what a clack is here !

(*He walks across the stage.*)

Mar. (*Following him eagerly.*) Shakspeare, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Row, Congreve, Wycherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steele ; in short every body ; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, spirit, genius, taste, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and sentiment.

G. Phil. Her tongue goes like a water-mill.

Mar. What do you say to me, now, sir ?

G. Phil. Say!--I don't know what the devil to say. (*Aside.*)

Mar. What's the matter, sir ?—Why you look as if the stocks were fallen ; or like London-bridge at low water ; or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen ; or like a politician without news ; or like a prude without scandal ; or like a great lawyer without a brief ; or like some lawyers with one ; or—

G. Phil. Or like a poor devil of a husband, henpecked by a wit, and so say no more of that.

Mar. Oh, fye ! you have spoil'd all—I had not half done.

G. Phil. There is enough of all conscience. You may content yourself.

Mar. But I can't be so easily contented ; I like a simile half a mile long.

G. Phil. I see you do.

Mar. Oh ! And I make verses too ; verses like an angel ; off hand ; extempore.—Can you give me an extempore ?

G. Phil. What does she mean! (*Aside.*) No, miss, I have never a one about me.

Mar. You can't give me an extempore! Oh! for shame, Mr. Philpot. I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly, their sense is so fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

G. Phil. A poet as rich as Pactolus! I have heard of Pactolus in the city.

Mar. Very like.

G. Phil. But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

Mar. As who?

G. Phil. Pactolus. He was a great Jew merchant; lived in the ward of Farringdon without.

Mar. Pactolus, a Jew merchant! Pactolus is a river.

G. Phil. A river!

Mar. Yes. Don't you understand geography?

G. Phil. The girl's crazy!

Mar. Oh! sir; if you don't understand geography, you are nobody. I understand geography, and I understand orthography; you know I told you I can write; and I can dance too. Will you dance a minuet? (*Sings and dances*)

G. Phil. You shan't lead me a dance, I promise you.

Mar. Oh! very well, sir—you refuse me.—Remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourself.

G. Phil. Not I, I promise you.

Mar. Oh! very well; remember; mark my words; I'll do it; you shall see it—ha, ha!

G. Phil. Marry you! I would as soon carry my wife to live in Bow-street, and write over the door "Philpot's punch house."

Enter OLD PHILPOT, SIR JASPER, YOUNG WILDING,
and BEAUFORT, R.H.

Sir Jasp. (Singing.) "So rarely, so bravely we'll
hunt him o'er the downs, and we'll hoop and we'll
hollow."—Gee us your hand, young gentleman,
well; what zay ye to un now? Ben't she a
clever girl?

G. Phil. A very extraordinary girl indeed.

Sir Jasp. Did not I tell un zo

Mar. Well, papa, the gentleman wont have
me.

Old Phil. The numskull wont do as his father
bids him: and so, Sir Jasper, with your consent,
I'll make a proposal to the young lady myself.

Mar. How! What does he say?

Old Phil. I am in the prime of my days, and
I can be a brisk lover still. Fair lady, a glance
of your eye is like the returning sun in the
spring; it melts away the frost of age, and gives
a new warmth and vigour to all nature.

(Falls coughing.)

Mar. Dear heart! I should like to have a
scene with him.

Sir Jasp. Hey! What's in the wind now!—
What say you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

Mar. Sir, I have one small doubt. Pray can
I have two husbands at a time?

G. Phil. There's a question now ! She is grown foolish again.

Old Phil. Fair lady, the law of the land—

Sir Jasp. Hold ye, hold ye ; let me talk of law ; I know the law better nor any on ye. Two husbands at once ! No, no ; men are scarce, and that's down-right poaching.

Mar. I am sorry for it, sir ; for then I can't marry him, I see.

Sir Jasp. Why not ?

Mar. I am contracted to another.

Sir Jasp. Contracted !—To whom ?

Mar. To Mr. Beaufort ; that gentleman, sir.

Sir Jasp. Master Quagmire ! What are you young Beaufort all this time ?

Old Phil. That wont take, sir ; that wont take.

Beau. But it must take, sir. You have sign'd the deeds for your daughter's marriage ; and, Sir Jasper, by this instrument has made me his son-in law.

Old Phil. How is this ? How is this ? Then, Sir Jasper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose, for you know—

Sir Jasp. Catch me at that, an' ye can ! I fulfill'd my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has looked out sliely for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl ? I ben't asham'd o' my girl. Our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr. Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed, though you have taken me by surprise.

Mar. Well, brother, how have I play'd my part ?

Wild. } To a miracle.
Beau. }

Mar. Have I?—I don't know how that is—
Love urg'd me on to try all wily arts,
To win your (To Beaufort.) No, not yours—
To win your hearts. (To the Audience.)
Your hearts to win is now my aim alone ;
" There if I grow, the harvest is your own."

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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